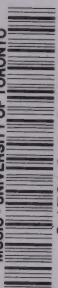


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A
SELECTION
OF
COLLECTED
FOLK-SONGS

VOL. 1.

ARRANGED BY

CECIL J. SHARP

AND

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS



6/-
5s. 6d.

Voice parts only (in both Notations), 3s. 0d.
(1951)

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1901
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FOLK-SONGS



CECIL J. SHAW

E. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

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A Farmer's Son so sweet.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

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Moderato e semplice.

Do $\sharp$ = G.

1. A farm - er's son so
 { : | : | : | : | : s $\downarrow$ || d : m | r : r }

Moderato e semplice. ♩ = 108.

mf *p*

sweet Was keep - ing of his sheep, And care - less fell a - sleep, While his
 { | s $\downarrow$: - | - : s $\downarrow$ | m : r | m : f | s : - | - : s | l : s | f : m | f : - | m : - d }

cres. *mf* *dim.*

lamb's were playing. 2. A fair young la - dy gay, By chance she came that
 { | r : r | d. d. : - | : | : s $\downarrow$ | d : m | r : r | s $\downarrow$: - | - : s $\downarrow$ | m : r | m : f }

p *più rall.* *mf a tempo.* *cres.*

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A FARMER'S SON SO SWEET.

1st and 2nd times.

way. And found a-sleep he lay, Whom she loved so dear. 3. She

{ | s : - | : s | l : s | f : m | f : - | m : - d | r : r | d : - | : | : s | ||

f *p* *piu rall.* *a tempo.*

3 She kissed his lips so sweet,
As he lay fast asleep.
I fear my heart will break
For you, my dear.

4 She said: Awake, I pray,
The sun is on the hay;
Your flock will go astray
From you, my dear.

5 He woke with great surprise
Beheld her handsome eyes.
Like an angel from the skies
She did appear.

6 For your sweet sake alone,
I wandered from my home:
My friends are dead and gone:
I am left alone.

3rd time.

7. His flock he laid a - side: Made her his gen - tle bride. In

{ | : | : s | d : m | r : r | s | : - | : s | m : r | m : f | s : - | - : s | }

mf a tempo. *cres.*

wed-lock she was tied To the farm-er's son.

{ | l : s | f : m | f : - | m : - d | r : r | d : - | : | : | : | : | ||

f *sfz* *ff rall.*

Admiral Benbow.

SOMERSET.

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Moderato

Moderato. $\text{♩} = 88$.

f con forza. *mf*

Do h = G. 1. Come all you sea-men

{ || : | : s₁ | d : d | r : t₁ }

bold and draw near, and draw near, . . Come all you sea-men bold and draw

{ | d : - | m : f | s : - | f : m | r : f | m : r | d : d | r : t₁ | d : s₁ | l₁ : l₁ }

near. It's of an ad-miral's fame, O brave Ben-bow was his name, How he

{ | s₁ : - | - : f | m : r | m : f | s : - | f : m | r : d | t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : - | s₁ : s₁ }

f marcato. *Sves ad lib.*

fought all on the main, you shall hear, you shall hear. 2. Brave Ben-bow he set

{ | d : d | d : l₁ | f₁ : - | m₁ : f₁ | s₁ : - | l₁ : t₁ | d : - | : s₁ | d : d | r : t₁ }

dim. *mf*

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ADMIRAL BENBOW.

sail, for to fight, for to fight, . . Brave Ben-bow he set sail, for to
 { | d : - | m : f | s : - | f : m | r : f | m : r | d : d | r : t, | d : s, | l, : l, }
con forza.
 fight, Brave Ben-bow he set sail, with a fine and plea-sant gale, But his
 { | s, : - | - : f | m : r | m : f | s : - | f : m | r : d | t, : l, | s, : - | s, : s, }
f sfz sfz sfz sfz
 Cap-tains they turned tail, in a fright, in a fright. die.
 { | d : d | d : l, | f, : - | m, : f, | s, : - | l, : t, | d : - | - : || d : - | - ||
sfz sfz sfz sfz sfz f sfz
 1st & 2nd times. 3rd time.

3.

Says Kirby unto Wade : we will run, we will run,
 Says Kirby unto Wade : we will run.
 For I value no disgrace, nor the losing of my place,
 But the enemy I won't face, nor his guns, nor his guns.

4.

The Ruby and Benbow fought the French, fought the French,
 The Ruby and Benbow fought the French.
 They fought them up and down, till the blood came trickling down,
 Till the blood came trickling down, where they lay, where they lay.

5.

Brave Benbow lost his legs by chain shot, by chain shot,
 Brave Benbow lost his legs by chain shot.
 Brave Benbow lost his legs, and all on his stumps he begs.
 Fight on my English lads, 'tis our lot, 'tis our lot.

6.

The surgeon dressed his wounds, cries Benbow, cries Benbow--
 The surgeon dressed his wounds, cries Benbow :
 Let a cradle now in haste on the quarter deck be placed,
 That the enemy I may face, till I die, till I die.

As I walked through the meadows.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

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Allegretto con grazia.

1. As I walked thro' the meadows to
Doh = A.
{ | l₁ : l₁ : l₁ | s₁ : m₁ : s₁ }

Allegretto con grazia. ♩. = 60.

mf *p* *p*

take the fresh air, The flow-ers were bloom-ing and gay; . . . I
{ | l₁ : l₁ : l₁ | s₁ : - : s₁ | d : d : d | s : m : d | r : - : - | - : - : m }

heard a young dam-sel so sweet-ly a-sing-ing, Her cheeks like the blos-som in
{ | d : d : d | d : r : m | s₁ : s₁ : s₁ | s₁ : f : f | m : r : d | s₁ : l₁ : t₁ }

cres. *mf*

May. . . I said: Pret-ty maid-en, shall I go with you Thro' the
{ | d : - : - | : s₁ | l₁ : l₁ : l₁ | s₁ : m₁ : s₁ | l₁ : l₁ : l₁ | s₁ : - : s₁ }

p

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AS I WALKED THROUGH THE MEADOWS.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system includes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first line of the song. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with a *mf* dynamic marking. The third system features a *dim.* marking on the piano part and a *cres.* marking on the vocal line. The fourth system concludes the piece with a *f* marking on the piano part, a *dim.* marking on the vocal line, and a *p* marking on the piano part. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, and the piano part is written on a grand staff below the vocal line.

mea-dows to ga-ther some may? . . . The maid she re-plied: My
 { | d : d : d | s : m : d | r : - : - | - : - : m | d : d : d | d : r : m | }

path it is here, I pray you pur-sue your own way. . . .
 { | s₁ : s₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - : f | m : r : d | s₁ : l₁ : t₁ | d : - : - | - : - : }

dim. *cres.* *f* *dim.* *p*

2.

So she trip-ped along with her dear little feet,
 But I followed and soon I drew near;
 I called her so pretty, my true love so sweet,
 That she took me at last for her dear.
 I took the fair maid by the lily-white hand,
 On the green mossy bank we sat down,
 I gave her a kiss on her sweet rosy lips:
 A tree spread its branches around.

3.

Now when we did rise from that green bushy grove,
 In the meadows we wandered away,
 And I placed my true love on a primèrose bank,
 While I picked her a handful of may.
 The very next morning I made her my bride,
 Just after the breaking of day;
 The bells they did ring and the birds they did sing
 As I crowned her the Queen of sweet May.

Brennan on the Moor.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

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Allegro risoluto.

Doh=D. 1. It's of a fear-less

Allegro risoluto. ♩=96.

f *sfz più rall.* *a tempo. mf*

high-way-man a sto-ry I will tell; His name was Wil-liam Bren-nan and in

Ire-land he did dwell, And up-on the Lib-bery moun-tains he commenced his wild ca-

reer, Where many a wealth-y gen-tle-man be-fore him shook with fear.

Bold and un-daunted stood bold Brennan on the moor; Brennan on the moor!

{ | d : - | r : m | f : l | s : r | f : m : - | d : - d | d : - | - : | d' d' : - | d' : - d' | d' : - | - : | }

Brennan on the moor, Bold and un-daunted stood bold Brennan on the moor.

{ | l . l : - | l : - l | s : - | - : | d' : - | t a : l | s : m | d : r | m d : - | d : - d | d : - | - : | }

- 2 A brace of loaded pistols he did carry night and day,
He never robbed a poor man all on the King's highway;
But what he'd taken from the rich, like Turpin and Black Bess,
He always did divide between the widows in distress.
Bold and undaunted, &c.
- 3 One day he robbed a packman and his name was Pedlar Bawn;
They travelled on together till the day began to dawn;
The pedlar found his money gone, likewise his watch and chain,
He at once encountered Brennan and he robbed him back again.
Bold and undaunted, &c.
- 4 When Brennan saw the pedlar was as good a man as he,
He took him on the highway his companion to be;
The pedlar threw away his pack without any delay,
And proved a faithful comrade bold unto his dying day.
Bold and undaunted, &c.
- 5 One day upon the King's highway as Willie he sat down,
He met the Mayor of Cashel just a mile outside the town;
The Mayor he knew his features bold: O you're my man, said he,
I think you're William Brennan, you must come along with me.
Bold and undaunted, &c.
- 6 Now Willie's wife had been to town provisions for to buy,
And when she saw her Willie she began to sob and cry;
He said: Give me that tenpence!* And as quick as Willie spoke,
She handed him a blunderbuss from underneath her cloak.
Bold and undaunted, &c.
- 7 Now with this loaded blunderbuss, the truth I will unfold,
He made the Mayor to tremble, and he robbed him of his gold;
A hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension there,
But he with horse and saddle to the mountains did repair.
Bold and undaunted, &c.
- 8 He lay among the fern all day, 'twas thick upon the field,
And many wounds he did receive before that he would yield;
He was captured and found guilty, and the judge made this reply:
For robbing on the King's highway you are condemned to die.
Bold and undaunted, &c.

* A rebel term for a musket in 1798.

Bingo.

SOMERSET.

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Allegro moderato.

1. There was an old dog, and he lived at the mill, And Bin - go was his
 3. The mill - er, he went to town one day, And bought a wed - ding
Doh = A.
 { : s₁ | d : d : d | s₁ : s₁ : s₁ | l₁ : l₁ : l₁ | m₁ : - : m₁ | f₁ : - : r₁ | s₁ : - : t₁ }

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 108.

p

name, Sir. B I N G O. Bang her and bop her, and
 ring, O. R I N G, O. Bang her and bop her, and
 { | r : - : | d : - : | m : - : | m : - : d | f : - : | r : - : | d : d : d | d : d : d }

kick her and kop her, And Bin - go was his name, Sir. You sing bang her, and
 kick her and kop her, And Ring, O, was its name, Sir. You sing bang her, and
 { | d : d : d | d : d : d | f : - : f | r : - : s | m : - : | d : - : | m : - : d | s₁ : s₁ : s₁ }

mf

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BINGO.

I'll sing bop her, And you sing kick her, and I'll sing kop her, And
 I'll sing bop her, And you sing kick her, and I'll sing kop her, And

{ f :- :r |s₁ :s₁ :s₁ |n :- :d |s₁ :s₁ :s₁ |f :- :r |s₁ :s₁ :s₁ }

bang her and bop her, and kick her and kop her, And Bin - go was his
 bang her and bop her, and kick her and kop her, And Ring, O was its

{ |d :d :d |d :d :d |d :d :d |d :d :d |f :- :f |r :- :s }

name, Sir. 2. The
 name, Sir. 4. Now,

{ |n :- :- |d :- : | : : | : : | : : | : :s₁ }

mill - er, he bought him a bar - rel of ale, And called it right good
 is not this a pret - ty tale? I say it is, by

{ |d :d :d |s₁ :s₁ :s₁ |l₁ :l₁ :l₁ |m₁ :- :m₁ |f₁ :- :r₁ |s₁ :- :t₁ }

BINGO.

Stin - go. S T I N G O. Bang her and bop her, and
 Jin - go. J I N G O. Bang her and bop her, and
 { | r : - : | d : - : | m : - : m | m : - : d | f : - : | r : - : | d : d : d | d : d : d }

mf

kick her and kop her, And Stin - go was its name, Sir. You sing bang her, and
 kick her and kop her, And say it is, by Jin - go. You sing bang her, and
 { | d : d : d | d : d : d | f : - : f | r : - : s | m : - : | d : - : | m : - : d | s₁ : s₁ : s₁ }

sfz f

I'll sing bop her, And you sing kick her, and I'll sing kop her, And bang her and bop her, and
 I'll sing bop her, And you sing kick her, and I'll sing kop her, And bang her and bop her, and
 { | f : - : r | s₁ : s₁ : s₁ | m : - : d | s₁ : s₁ : s₁ | f : - : r | s₁ : s₁ : s₁ | d : d : d | d : d : d }

sfz

kick her and kop her, And Stin - go was its name, Sir. *D.C.*
 kick her and kop her, And say it is, by Jin - go. *D.C.*
 { | d : d : d | d : d : d | f : - : f | r : - : s | m : - : | d : - : ||

FIN.

Come all you worthy Christian men.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

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Andante maestoso.

1. Come all you wor - thy
3. all you wor - thy

Lah = F. Doh = A♭.

Andante maestoso. ♩ = 76.

p

Sves ad lib.

Chris - tian men That dwell up-on.. this land, Don't
Chris - tian men That are so ve - ry poor, Re -

{ | m :- f | m : r : d : r | m :- d | r : d : l : | l : :- | : l : t : l : }

COME ALL YOU WORTHY CHRISTIAN MEN.

man. Be.. watch - ful for your lat - ter end; Be
door, While beg - ging of the crumbs of bread That

{ | l₁ : - | : m . f | s : m | l : l | s . f : m | m : l₁ . t₁ }

cres. *mf*

rea - dy when you're called. There are ma - ny chan - ges
from his ta - ble fell. The Scrip - tures do in -

{ | d : d | r : d . r | m : - | - : l₁ . t₁ | d : d | r : d . r }

dim. *p*

in this world; Some rise, while o - thers fall. 2. Now,
form us all That in hea - ven he doth dwell. 4. The

{ | m : - . f | m . r : d . r | m : - . d | r . d : l₁ | l₁ : - | : l₁ . t₁ }

dim. *p* *sotto voce.*

Job he was a . . pa - tient man, The rich - est in . . the
time, a - las, it . . soon will come When part - ed we . . shall

{ | d : d | r : d . r | m : - . f | m . r : d . r | m : - . d | r . d : l₁ }

COME ALL YOU WORTHY CHRISTIAN MEN.

East: When he was brought to pov - er - ty, His sor - rows soon in -
be; But all the dif - frence it will make Is in joy and mis - er -

{ | 1, :- | : 1, t, | d : d | r : d, r | m :- f | m, r : d, r | m :- d | r : d, l, | }

legato.

p

- creased. He bore them all most pa - tient - ly; From sin he did re -
y. And we must give a strict ac - count Of great as well as

{ | 1, :- | : m, f | s : m | l : l | s, f : m | m : 1, t, | d : d | r : d, r | }

cres.

f

dim.

- frain: He al - ways trust - ed in the Lord; He soon got rich a -
small: Be - lieve me, now, dear Chris - tian friends, That God will judgo us

{ | m :- | : 1, t, | d : d | r : d, r | m :- f | m, r : d, r | m :- d | r : d, l, | }

cres.

dim.

p

1st time.

2nd time.

- gain. 3. Come all.

{ | 1, :- | : 1, t, | 1, :- | : | : | : | : | : | }

L.H.

sfz

dim. e morendo.

p

Dashing away with the smoothing iron.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Moderato. $\text{♩} = 100.$

Doh = G.

1. 'Twas on a Mon - day morn - ing When

I be-held my dar - ling; She looked so neat and charm - ing In

ev - 'ry high de - gree; . . . She looked so neat and nim - ble, O, A -

f *p* *cres.* *f*

DASHING AWAY WITH THE SMOOTHING IRON.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the voice part, with piano accompaniment in the right and left hands. The lyrics are: "wash - ing of her lin - en, O, Dashing a - way with the smooth - ing iron, Dash - ing a - way with the smooth - ing iron, She stole my heart a - way. . . . - way. . . .". The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like *p*, *cres.*, *f*, and *f>*. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the word "FINE."

2.

'Twas on a Tuesday morning,
When I beheld my darling ;
She looked so neat and charming
In every high degree ;
She looked so neat and nimble, O,
A-hanging out her linen, O,
Dashing away with the smoothing iron,
Dashing away with the smoothing iron,
She stole my heart away.

(The lines in Italics are repeated in every verse.)

3.

'Twas on a Wednesday morning, &c.
A-starching of her linen, O, &c.

4.

'Twas on a Thursday morning, &c.
A-ironing of her linen, O, &c.

5.

'Twas on a Friday morning, &c.
A-folding of her linen, O, &c.

6.

'Twas on a Saturday morning, &c.
A-airing of her linen, O, &c.

7.

'Twas on a Sunday morning, &c.
A-wearing of her linen, O, &c.

Down by the Riverside.

FOLK-SONG.

Collected by H. E. D. HAMMOND.
Arranged by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

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Andante con moto.

Doh = G.

1. 'Tis

Andante con moto.

p grazioso.

down by the riv - er - side, A fair maid I . . es -

{ | d : d . d | d . r : m . f | s : - | l : - | s : m . m | m . r : d } }

- pied, She was la - ment - ing for her own true

{ | l : - | d : r . r | m : f . m | r : d | t : - | l : - } }

* Start last verse here.

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DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE.

love, She was la-ment - ing, sigh - ing, cry - ing for her own true

{ | s, : - | s, : s, s, | d : - . r | m : f | s : m | d : f | m : - | r : - }

2.

"What | makes you sigh and | cry,
My | fair pretty maid," said | I,
"I'm la-|menting for my | own true love,
I'm la-|menting, sighing, | crying, for my | own true | love."

3.

| Now she has got | wed,
And | all her sorrow | fled,
She's a-|living with her | own true love,
She is | laughing, dancing, | singing with her | own true | love.

Farmyard Song.

FOLK-SONG.

Collected by H. E. D. HAMMOND.
Arranged by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Allegretto.

Doh = G.

1. I had a lit-tle cock and the cock pleased me, I

{ | d . t₁ : d . r | m : m . r | d : s | s :- . s }

Allegretto.

p

fed my cock down un - der the tree; The cock went, cock - er - y crow. . . .

{ | f : m | r : d | d . r : m . f | s : s | d : m | m . r : m . f | s :- | - : l ||

1st time.

Join in ev - 'ry neighbours cock and my cock well done too, And its

{ | l :- . l | l : s | s . f : r | d : r | m : d | l₁ : t₁ : | d :- | d : d ||

f risoluto.

2nd time.

too. 2. I had a lit - tle hen and the hen pleased me, I

{ | d :- | - : s₁ | d . t₁ : d . r | m : m . r | d : s | s :- . s }

p

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FARMYARD SONG.

fed my hen down un - der the tree! The hen went chippie chap, the

{ | f : m | r : d | d . r : m . f | s : s, | d : d | t, . t, : s, . s, }

cock went cock - er - y crow. Join in ev - 'ry

{ | d : m | m . r : m . f | s : - | - : l || l : - . l | l : s }

f

neigh - bours cock and my cock well done too, And its

{ | s . f : r | d : r | m : d | l, : t, | d : - | d : d ||

1st time.

2nd time. 8 Verses 3-10.

too. I had a lit - tle

{ chick } { chick }
 { duck } { duck }
 { glinny } { glinny }
 { goose } { goose }
 { dog } { dog }
 { pig } { pig }
 { cat } { cat }
 { turkey } { turkey }

and the pleased me, I

{ | d : - | - : s, | d . t, : d . r | m . m : r . r | d . d : s | s : - . s }

p

FARMYARD SONG.

fed my {chick
duck
glinny
goose
dog
pig
cat
turkey} all un - der the tree; The

{ f :m | r .r :d | d .r :m .f | s :s, || s, .s, :d | s, .s, :s, .s, ||

Play once for verse 3, twice for verse 4, eight times for verse 10. The lines to be sung in reverse order to that in which they are printed.

hen went chip-ple chap, the cock went cock - er - y crow. . . .

{ d :d | t, .t, :s, .s, | d :m | m .r :m .f | s :— | — :l ||

Join in ev - 'ry neighbours cock and my cock well done too, And its too.

{ l :— .l | l :s | s .f :r | d :r | m :d | l, .t, | d :— | d :d || d :— | — ||

Join in ev - 'ry neighbours cock and my cock well done too, And its too.

{ l :— .l | l :s | s .f :r | d :r | m :d | l, .t, | d :— | d :d || d :— | — ||

GREEN BROOM.

Green Broom.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Allegretto legando.

Doh = E. 1. There was an old man and he lived in the West, And his
 { : : | : : s, || d : d : d | m : r : m | d : m : s | s : l : t }

Allegretto legando. ♩. = 66.

p trade was a - cut - ting of broom, green broom; He had but one son and his
 { | d' : t : d' | r : m : f | s : - : s | s : - : s | d' : t : d' | f : f : s }

mf name it was John, And he li - ed a - bed till 'twas noon, bright noon,
 { | l : f : r | d : t, : s, | d : d : d | m : r : d | s : - : l t | d' : - : - ||

cres.

And he li - ed a - bed till 'twas noon. 2. The old man a - rose and un -
 { | d' : - : l || s : m : s | s : f : r | d : - : - | : : s, | d : d : d | m : r : m }

f *dim.* *p* *mf*

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GREEN BROOM.

to his son goes, And he swore he'd set fire to his room, his room, If he would not rise and un-

but-ton his eyes, And a-way to the woods for green broom, green broom, And a-

way to the woods for green broom. 3. Then broom. . .

way to the woods for green broom. 3. Then broom. . .

3.

Then Jack he did rise and did sharpen his knives,
And he went to the woods cutting broom, green broom;
To market and fair, crying everywhere:
O fair maids, do you want any broom, green broom?
O fair maids, do you want any broom?

4.

A lady sat up in her window so high,
And she heard Johnny crying green broom, green broom;
She rung for her maid and untò her she said:
O go fetch me the lad that cries broom, green broom,
O go fetch me the lad that cries broom.

5.

Then John he came back, and upstairs he did go,
And he entered that fair lady's room, her room.
Dear Johnny, said she, O can you fancy me,
Will you marry a lady in bloom, in bloom?
Will you marry a lady in bloom?

6.

Then John gave consent, and untò the church went,
And he married this lady in bloom, in bloom.
Said she: I protest there is none in the West
Is so good as the lad who sells broom, green broom,
Is so good as the lad who sells broom.

Heave away, my Johnny.

SOMERSET.

CHANTY.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Allegretto grazioso. (CHANTY.)

Doh = A. 1. As I walked out one fine morning All
 { | : : : | : : : | : : : | : s₁ | s₁ : - : m₁ | s₁ : - : s₁ | d : - : r | m : - : m }

Allegretto grazioso, ♩. = 76.

(CHORUS.)

in the month of May, Heave a - way, . . . my John - ny, Heave a -
 { | r : - : d | m : r : d | l₁ : - : - | d : - : r | m : - : - | - : r : d | s₁ : - : d | m : r : d }

(CHANTY.)

way. I o - ver-took a fair pret-ty maid, And
 { | r : - : - | - : d : t₁ | d : - : - | : : d | m : - : m | s : - : m | r : d : r | m : - : r }

(CHORUS.)

un - to her did say. Heave a - way, . . . my jol - ly boys, We're
 { | s₁ : - : m | r : d : l₁ | s₁ : - : - | d : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : - | - : m₁ | f₁ | s₁ : - : d | d : - : r }

HEAVE AWAY, MY JOHNNY.

(CHANTY.)

all bound a - way.

2. O where are you go - ing to, my pret - ty maid? I

{ | m : - : - | r : d : r | d : - : - | : s : | s : | m : | s : | s : | s : | d : d : r | m : - : m }

dim.

p

(CHORUS.)

un - to her did say.

Heave a : way, . . . my John - ny, Heave a -

{ | r : - : d | m : r : d | l : - : - | d : - : r | m : - : - | - : r : d | s : - : d | m : r : d }

mf

f

(CHANTY.)

- way.

I'm go - ing a milk - ing, sir, she said, All

{ | r : - : - | - : d : t : | d : - : - | : d | m : m : m | s : - : m | r : d : r | m : - : r }

p

(CHORUS.)

in the month of May.

Heave a - way, . . . my jol - ly boys, We're

{ | s : - : m | r : d : d : l : | s : - : - | d : - : l : | s : - : - | - : m : f : | s : - : d | d : - : r }

mf

f

HEAVE AWAY, MY JOHNNY.

1st and 2nd times. || 3rd time.

all bound a - way. Shall - way. . .

{ | m : - : - | r : d : r | d : - : - | : s : || d : - : - | - : - : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | }

dim. p dim. p

FIN.

VERSES 3 AND 4.

3 Chanty. Shall I go with you, my fair pretty maid?

I unto her did say.

Chorus. Heave away, my Johnny,

Heave away.

Chanty. O yes, if you please, kind sir, she said,

All in the month of May.

Chorus. Heave away, my jolly boys,

We're all bound away.

4 Chanty. O what is your father, my pretty maid?

I unto her did say.

Chorus (as before).

Chanty. My father's a farmer, kind sir, she said,

All in the month of May.

Chorus (as before).

VERSES 5 AND 6.

5 Chanty. O what is your fortune, my fair pretty maid.

I unto her did say.

Chorus (as before).

Chanty. My face is my fortune, sir, she said,

All in the month of May.

Chorus (as before).

6 Chanty. Then I cannot marry you, my pretty maid

I unto her did say.

Chorus (as before).

Chanty. Nobody asked you, sir, she said,

All in the month of May.

Chorus (as before).

I WILL GIVE MY LOVE AN APPLE

J will give my Love an Apple.

FOLK-SONG.

Collected by H. E. D. HAMMOND.
Arranged by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Andantino.

Doh = C.

1. I will give my love an
2. My head is the

Andantino.

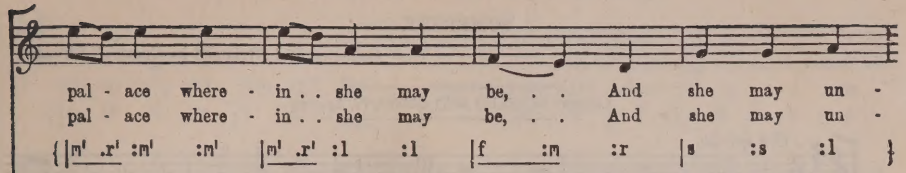
p *legato.*

ap - ple with - out .. e'er a core, I will give my love a
ap - ple with - out .. e'er a core, My mind is the

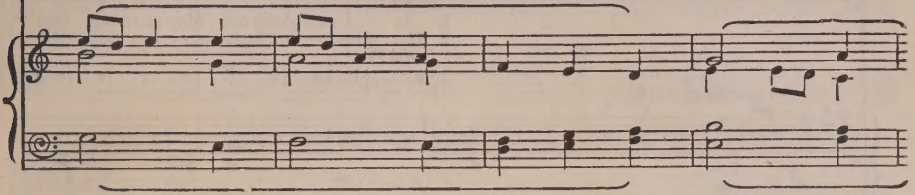
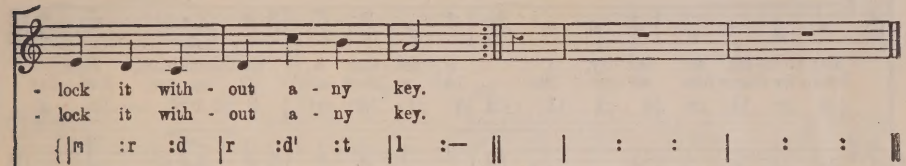
house .. with - out e'er a door, I will give my love a
house .. with - out e'er a door, My heart is the

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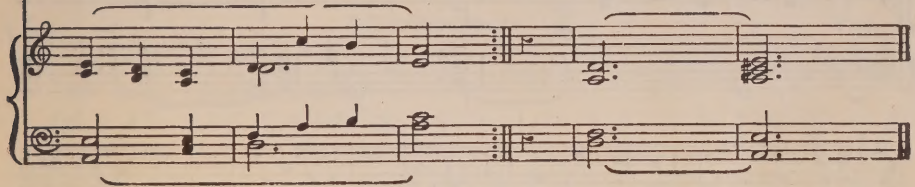
I WILL GIVE MY LOVE AN APPLE.



pal - ace where - in . . she may be, . . And she may un -
 pal - ace where - in . . she may be, . . And she may un -
 { | m' .r' : m' : m' | m' .r' : l : l | f : m : r | s : s : l }

- lock it with - out a - ny key.
 - lock it with - out a - ny key.
 { | m : r : d | r : d' : t | l : - || | : : | : : ||



I'm Seventeen come Sunday.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Con spirito.

1. As I walked out one May morn-ing, One
2. Her shoes were bright, her stock-ings white, Her

Doh = D.
 { | s | l : s | l : f | r : r | r : m f }

Con spirito. ♩ = 116.

ff *f* *sfz* *mf*

May morn-ing so ear-ly, I . . o-ver-took a hand-some maid, Just . .
 buck-les shone like sil-ver; She . . had a black and roll-ing eye, And Ler

{ | s : m | d : m | s : l | l : - t | d' : l | d' : r' | d' : l t | d' : - | t : - d' }

sfz *cres.*

staccato. *cres.*

as the sun was ri-sing.) With my rue dum day, fol the diddle dol, Fol the dol the
 hair hung down her shou-der.)

{ | l : m | r : d | l : t | d' : m | f : r | r : - | m f : s m | d : - | f : - s | l : - ta }

diddle dum the day.

3. How old are you, my fair pretty maid? How

{ | l f : m f | r : - | : | : | : | s | l : s | l : f | r : r r | r : m f }

ff *f* *mf*

I'M SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY.

old are you, my hon-ey? She . . an-swered me right cheer-ful-ly: I am
 { | s : m | d : m | s : l | l : - t | d' : l | d' : r' | d' : l . t | d' : - | t : - d' }

sev-en-teen come Sun-day. With my rue dum day, fol the diddle dol,
 { | l : m | r : d | l : t | d' : m | f : r | r : - | m . f : s . m | d : - }

D.C. (without repeat). FIN.
 Fol the dol the diddle dum the day.
 { | f : - . s | l : - . ta | l . f : m . f | r || : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : ||

4 Can you love me, my fair pretty maid?
 Will you marry me, my honey?
 She answered me right cheerfully:
 I dare not for my mammy.
 With my rue dum day, &c.

5 I went down to her mammy's house;
 The moon was shining clearly,
 I sang beneath her window pane:
 Your soldier loves you dearly.
 With my rue dum day, &c.

6 O soldier, will you marry me?
 For now's your time or never:
 For if you do not marry me,
 My heart is broke for ever.
 With my rue dum day, &c.

7 And now she is the soldier's wife;
 And sails across the brine, O!
 The drum and fife is my delight,
 And a merry man is mine, O!
 With my rue dum day, fol the diddle dol,
 Fol the dol the diddle dum the day.

King Herod and the Cock.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Moderato.

Lah = G. Doh = B♭.

1. There was a star in

Moderato.

p e legato.

Da - vid's land, In Da - vid's land ap - peared: And in King Her - od's

mf

cham - ber So bright it did shine there. 2. The

p

KING HEROD AND THE COCK.

Wise Men they soon spi - ed it, And told the King a - nigh That a

{ | 1, : 1, | d : r | d : 1, | s, : m, | 1, : 1, | d : r | d : - | - : d . r }

Prince - ly Babe was born that night, No. King shall e'er de - stroy.

{ | m : - . r | m : m, | d : d | r : d . r | m : m | r . d : t, | 1, : - | - : }

cres. *f*

3. If this beth truth, King Her - od said, That thou hast told to

{ | : | : m, | 1, : 1, . 1, | d : r | d : 1, | s, : m, | 1, : 1, | d : r }

mf

f il basso marcato Sve ad lib.

me, The roast - ed cock that lies in the dish Shall crow full sen - ses

{ | d : - | - : d . r | m : - . r | m : m, | d : d . d | r : d . r | m : m | r . d : t, }

cres.

KING HEROD AND THE COCK.

three.

4. O the cock soon thrusted and

{ | 1, : - | - : | : | : m, m, | 1, : 1, | d . d : r }

ff >

fea - thered well, By the work of God's own hand, And

{ | d : 1, | s, : m, m, | 1, : 1, | d : r | d : - | - : d . r }

sfz *sfz* *sfz*

he did crow full sen - ses three In the dish where he . . did

{ | m : - . r | m : m, | d : d | r : d . r | m : m | r . d : t, }

sfz

stand.

{ | 1, : - | - : | . | : | : | : | : | : | }

sfz *mf* *p*

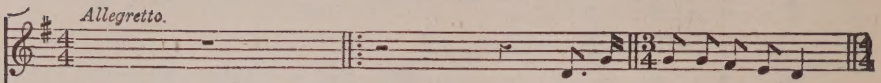
MY BOY BILLY.

My Boy Billy.

FOLK-SONG.

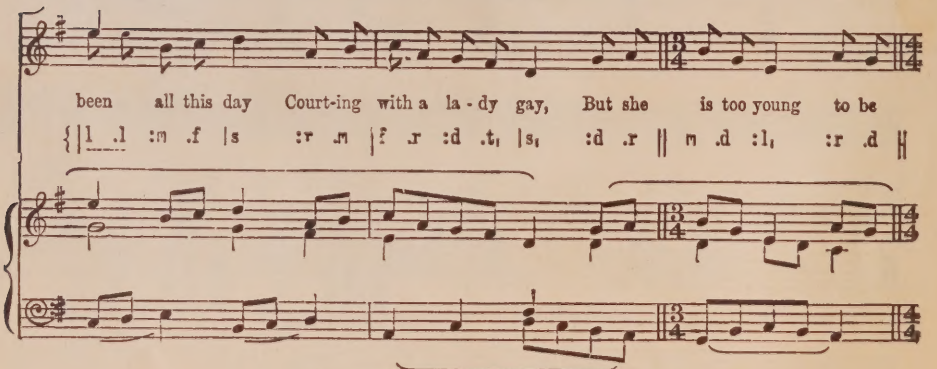
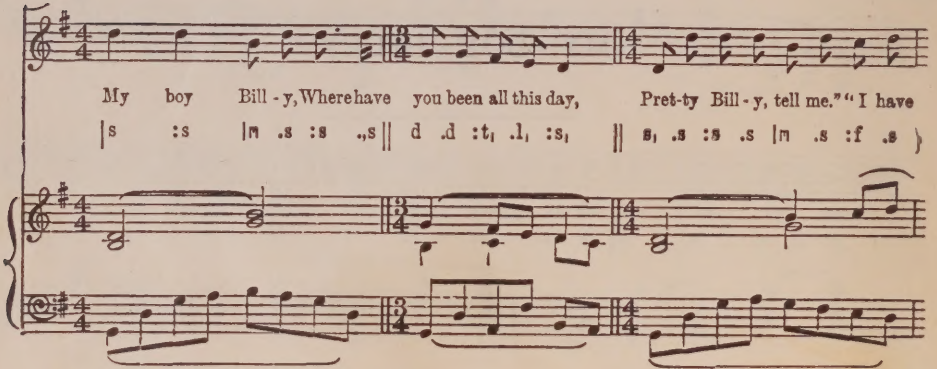
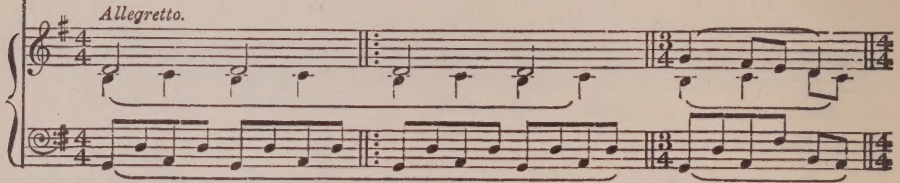
Collected and Arranged by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

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Doh = G.

1. "Where have you been all this day,
 { | : : | : : || : { : s, „d || d .d : t, .l, : s, ||



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MY BOY BILLY.

ta-ken from her mam-my, but she is too young to be tak-en from her mam-my."

{ | t, .s, : l, .t, | d .d : d .r || m .d : l, : r .d || t, .s, : l, .t, | d .d :-- || }

2.

"Can she | bake, or can she brew ?
 | My boy Billy,
 Can she | bake, or can she brew ?
 | Pretty Billy, tell me."
 "She can | brew and she can bake,
 She can | make a wedding cake,
 But she | is too young to be | taken from her mammy."

3.

"Can she | cook a plate of fish ?
 | My boy Billy,
 Can she | cook a plate of fish ?
 | Pretty Billy, tell me."
 "She can | cook a plate of fish,
 Put her | fingers in the dish,
 But she | is too young to be | taken from her mammy."

4.

"Can she | make a feather bed ?
 | My boy Billy,
 Can she | make a feather bed ?
 | Pretty Billy, tell me."
 "She can | make a feather bed,
 Fit for | any lady's head,
 But she | is too young to be | taken from her mammy."

5. "How old might she be? My boy Bill-y, How old might she be?

{ | : | : s, .d || d : t, l, : s, || s : s | m .s : s || d : t, l, : s, || }

MY BOY BILLY.

Pret-ty Bill-y, tell me." "She's one, she's two, twice e - leven are twen-ty two, But she's

{ | s, .s : s .s | m .s : f | l : m | s : r m | f .r : d .t, | s, : d .r ||

is too young to be ta-ken from her mammy, but she is too young to be

{ | m .d : l, : r .d || t, .s, : l, .t, | d .d : d .r || m .d : l, : r .d ||

taken from her mammy."

{ | t, .s, : l, .t, | d .d : - | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : ||

p dim. *pp*

My man John.

SOMERSET

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP

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Allegro, moderato.

(H2.)

1, 5, 9 } My man John, what can the mat-ter be, That I should love the la-dy fair and
& 13. } Doh = G.
{ s, :d |d :- d |r r :r r |m :- m |f .l, :l, .l, |l, .t, :d .d }

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 133.

mf marcato.

p

she should not love me? She will not be my bride, my joy nor my dear, And
{ |r .m :r .d |t, :l, .s, |s, .d :d .d |d :- d |r :d .r |m :- r }

mf marcato.

(JOHN.)

nei-ther will she walk with me a - ny - where. 2, 6, 10 } Court her, dearest Mas - ter, you
& 14. }
{ |d .r :m .f |s :l .f |m :r |d : |s, .d :d .d |d :d .d }

p legato.

MY MAN JOHN.

court her without fear, And you will win the la-dy in the space of half a year; And

{ | r . r : r . r | m :- m | f . l : l . l | l . t : d . d | r m : r . d | t : l . s } }

cres. *mf*

she will be your bride, your joy and your dear, And she will take a walk with you

{ | s . d : d . d | d :- d | r : d . r | m :- r | d . r : m . f | s : l . f || }

più rall. *più rall.*

a tempo. (He.)

a - ny - - where.

{ 3. O Madam, I will give to you a lit-tle grey-hound, And
7. O Madam, I will give to you a fine ivory comb, To
11. O Madam, I will give to you a cushion full of pins, To
15. O Madam, I will give to you the keys of my heart, To }

{ | m : r || d :- | : s . | s . d : d . d | d . d : d . d | r . r : r | m :- m } }

p a tempo. *p*

ev-'ry hair up-on its back shall cost a thousand pound, If . . you will be my bride, my
fast-en up your sil-ver locks when I am not at home, If . . you will be my bride, my
fast-en up your lit-tle ba-by's white mus-e-lins, If . . you will be my bride, my
lock it up for ev-er that we nev-er more may part, If . . you will be my bride, my

{ | f . l : l . l | l . t : d . d | r m : r . d | t : l . s | s . d : d . d | d :- d } }

mf

MY MAN JOHN.

joy and my dear, And you will take a walk with me a - ny - where.
 joy and my dear, And you will take a walk with me a - ny - where.
 joy and my dear, And you will take a walk with me a - ny - where.
 joy and my dear, And you will take a walk with me a - ny - where.

{ | r : d . r | m : - . r | d . r : m . f | s : l . f | m : r | d : - . | }

(SHE.)

4. O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a lit-tle grey - hound, Though
 8. O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a fine i-vory comb, To
 12. O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a cushion full of pins, To
 16. O Sir, I will ac-cept of you the keys of your heart, I'll

{ | : | : . s₁ | s₁ . d : d . d | d . d : d . d | r . r : r | m : - . m | }

ev-ry hair up-on its back did cost a thousand pound. I . . will not be your bride, your
 fast-en up my sil-ver locks when you are not at home. I . . will not be your bride, your
 fast-en up my lit-tle ba-by's white mus-e-lins. I . . will not be your bride, your
 lock it up for ev-er and we nev-er more shall part. And I will be your bride, your

{ | f . l₁ : l₁ . l₁ | l₁ . t₁ : d . d | r . m : r . d | t₁ : l₁ . s₁ | s₁ . d : d . d | d : - . d | }

joy nor your dear, And neither will I walk with you an - y - where.
 joy nor your dear, And neither will I walk with you an - y - where.
 joy nor your dear, And neither will I walk with you an - y - where.
 joy and your dear, And I will take a walk with you an - y - where.

{ | r : d . r | m : - . r | d . r : m . f | s : l . f | m : r | d : - . || : || }

cres. *f*

MY MAN JOHN.

Last verse.
(H.R.)

17. My man John, here's fifty pounds for thee! I'd never have won this lady fair if it
 { s, : d | d :- d | r . r : r . r | m :- m | f, f, l, : l, . l, | l, . t, : d . d, d }

f marcato. *mf*

hadn't a been for thee; For now she'll be my bride, my joy and my dear, And
 { | r, r, m : r . d | t, : l, . s, | s, . d : d . d | d :- d | r : d . r | m :- r }

marcato.

rall.
 now she'll take a walk with me an - y - where.
 { | d . r : m . f | s : l . f | m : r | d :- }

cres. *f > rall.*

Ⓢ No John!

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

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Allegro moderato.

Doh is G.

1. On yon-der hill there

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 72.

mf

p

stands a crea-ture; Who she is I do not know. I'll go and court her

mf

for her beau-ty; She must an-swer Yes or No. O No John!

f

No John! No John! No!

2. My fa-ther was a

mf

decres.

p

O NO JOHN!

Span - ish Cap - tain—Went to sea a month a - go. First he kissed me,
 { | s : s . f | m : r | s , : d | r : r | s : f | r : - | s : s . f | m : o | }

then he left me— Bid me al - ways an - swer No. O No John!
 { | f : r . d | t , : s , | d : m | l , : d | t , : s , | s , : - | s : - | f : r | }

1st and 2nd times. 3rd time.

No John! No John! No! 3. O No!
 { | m : d | t , . l , : s , | d : - | : | : | : s , | d : - | : | }

3 O Madam, in your face is beauty,
 On your lips red roses grow.
 Will you take me for your lover?
 Madam, answer Yes or No.
 O No John! No John! No John! No!

4 O Madam, I will give you jewels;
 I will make you rich and free;
 I will give you silken dresses.
 Madam, will you marry me?
 O No John! No John! No John! No!

5 O Madam, since you are so cruel,
 And that you do scorn me so,
 If I may not be your lover,
 Madam, will you let me go?
 O No John! No John! No John! No!

6 Then I will stay with you for ever,
 If you will not be unkind.
 Madam, I have vowed to love you;
 Would you have me change my mind?
 O No John! No John! No John! No!

7. O hark! I hear the church bells ring - ing; Will you come and

{ | : i : s₁ | d : d | r : r | s : s . f | m : r | s₁ : d | r : r }

8va.....

be my wife! Or, dear Mad - am, have you set - tled To live sin - gle

{ | s : f | r : - | s : s . f | m : d | f : r . d | t₁ : s₁ | d : m | l₁ : d }

rall.

all your life? O No John! No John! No John, No!

{ | t₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - | s : - | f : r | m : d | t₁ . l₁ : s₁ | d : - | : | : | : } ||

rall. f > > > > *f* >

Waly, Waly

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP

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Andante con espressione.

1. The wa - ter is wide I can - not get o'er, And nei - ther
Doh = A.
 { .s₁ : d .d , r | m : r : r : d .l₁ | s₁ : - .s₁ : d .t₁ }

Andante con espressione. ♩ = 100.

have I wings to fly. Give me a . . boat that will car - ry
 { | d : - r : m .f , m | r : - d : r .m , f | s : f .f : m .r , d }

p *cres.* *mf*

più rall. *a tempo.*

two, And both shall row, my love and I. 2. O, down in the
 { | m : - r : d .l₁ | s₁ : s₁ : s₁ .l₁ , t₁ | d : - .s₁ : d .d , r }

dim. *p* *più rall.* *a tempo. mf*

mea - dows the o - ther day, A - gath'ring flow'rs, both fine and
 { | m : r .r : d .l₁ | s₁ : - .s₁ : d .t₁ | d : - .r : m .f , m }

cres.

gay, A - ga - ther ing flow - ers, both red and blue, I lit - tle
 { | r :- d : r m, f | s : f f : m r, d | m :- r : d . l, |

f *mf* *dim.*

più rall. *1st & 2nd times.* *3rd time.*

thought what love can do.
 { | s, : s, : s, . l, t, | d :- . : | : . : || : . : ||

p *più rall.*

3.

I put my hand into one soft bush
 Thinking the sweetest flower to find.
 I pricked my finger right to the bone,
 And left the sweetest flower alone.

4.

I leaned my back up against some oak
 Thinking that he was a trusty tree;
 But first he bended and then he broke;
 And so did my false love to me.

5.

A ship there is and she sails the sea,
 She's loaded deep as deep can be,
 But not so deep as the love I'm in;
 I know not if I sink or swim.

6.

O. love is handsome and love is fine,
 And love's a jewel while it is new.
 But when it is old, it groweth cold,
 And fades away like morning dew.

One man shall mow my meadow.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Allegretto.

Doh = G.

1. One man shall mow my

Allegretto. ♩. = 108.

mf

mea - dow, . . . Two men shall gather it to - ge - ther, . . .

Two men, one man, and one more Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams, And

mf *cres.*

* This bar must be played twice in the 2nd verse, three times in the 3rd verse and so on.

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ONE MAN SHALL MOW MY MEADOW.

All Verses but the last. *Last verse.*

ga-ther my gold to-ge-ther. . . Three-ge-ther. . .

{ | m : r | d : - : t, | d : d : - | - : - : | : : | : : s, || d : d : - | - : - : ||

dim, *mf* *f* FINE.

2.

Three men shall mow my meadow,
 Four men shall gather it together,
 Four men, three men, two men, one man, and one more
 Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams,
 And gather my gold together.

3.

Five men shall mow my meadow,
 Six men shall gather it together,
 Six men, five men, four men, three men, two men,
 one man, and one more
 Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams,
 And gather my gold together.

(And so on *ad lib.*)

Spanish Ladies.

SOMERSET.

(Sea Chanty.)

Collected and Arranged by CREIL J. SHARP.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Allegro moderato.

Doh = C.

1. Fare - well and a - dieu to.. you Span - ish

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 138.

f *p*

la - dies, Fare - well and a - dieu to you la - dies of Spain; For

mf

we've re - ceived or - ders for to sail for old Eng - land, But we hope in a

f

CHORUS.

short time to see you a - gain. We will rant and we'll roar like

cres. *ff* *ff*

SPANISH LADIES.

true Brit - ish sail - ors, We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt
 { d' : t : l | l . s : m : m | l : l : t | l : - . t | d' : r' : d' }

8ves ad lib.

seas, Un - til we strike sound - ings in the channel of old Eng - land: From
 { t : - : t | d' : t : d' | r' : d' : r' . r' | m' . r' : d' : l | l . s : m : m' . r' }

f

U - shant to Scil - ly is thir - ty - five leagues.
 { d' : l : l | l . s : m : r | m : d' : t | l : - : || : . | : : ||

f *Last time.*

2 We | hove our ship | to, with the | wind from sou' - west, boys,
 We | hove our ship | to, deep | soundings to | take;
 'Twas | forty-five | fathoms with a | white sandy | bottom,
 So we | squared our main | yard and up | channel did | make.
 CHORUS.—We will | rant, &c.

3 The | first land we | sighted was | call-ed the | Dodman,
 Next | Rame Head off | Plymouth, off | Portsmouth the | Wight;
 We | sail-ed by | Beachy, by | Fairlight and | Dover,
 And | then we bore | up for the | South Foreland | light.
 CHORUS.—We will | rant, &c.

4 Then the | signal was | made for the | grand fleet to | anchor,
 And | all in the | Downs that | night for to | lie;
 Let | go your shank | painter, let | go your cat | stopper!
 Haul | up your clew | garnets, let | tacks and sheets | fly!
 CHORUS.—We will | rant, &c.

6 Now | let ev'ry | man drink | off his full | bumper;
 And | let ev'ry | man drink | off his full | glass;
 We'll | sing and be | jolly and | drown melan - choly,
 And | here's to the | health of each | true-hearted | lass.
 CHORUS.—We will | rant, &c.

The Briery Bush.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by **CECIL J. SHARP.**

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Allegretto semplice. $\text{♩} = 76$

Doh = D.

1. O hang - man stay thy hand, . . . And stay it for a
 2. fa - ther have you my gold? . . . And can you set me
 3. I've not brought thee gold, . . . And I can't set thee

{ | : : | : : d.r || m : m : m | r : - : r | d : - : - | - : - : s | d' : - : d' | t : - : l }

Allegretto semplice. $\text{♩} = 76$.

p legato. *cres.*

while, . . . For I fan - cy I see my fa - ther a - com - ing A - cross the yon - der
 free? . . . Or are you come to see me hung All on the gal - lows
 free; . . . But I have come to see thee hung All on the gal - lows

{ | s : - : - | - : - : s.s | d' : d' : s | s : - : f | l : l : l | l : f : f | m : - : m | r : d : r }

dim.

1st and 2nd times. || 3rd time.

stile. . . 2. O
 tree? . . . 3. No, 4. O the bri - e - ry bush, . . . That
 tree. . .

{ | d : - : - | - : : d.r || d : - : - | - : - : | d : - : r | m : m : r | d : - : - | - : - : s }

mf *cres.*

THE BRIERY BUSH

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with dynamics *mf* and *dim.* The third system includes a vocal line with a *Dal S.* (Da Capo) instruction and a *Last time.* marking, followed by a piano accompaniment with dynamics *p*, *dim.*, and *morendo.*

pricks my heart so sore; . . . If I once get out of the bri-e-ry bush, I'll
 { d' :— :d' | t :— :l | s :— :— | — :— :s.s | d' :— :d' | d' :m :m | f :f :f | s :— :s }

ne-ver get in a-ny more. . . 5. O more. . .
 { | s :l :s | f :m :r | d :— :— | — :d.r | d :— :— :— :— | : : | : : | : : | : : }

N.B.—The above stanzas are repeated *ad libitum*, with the substitution of other relatives, *e.g.*, "mother," "brother," "sister," &c., for "father."

The arrival of the "true-love" brings the Song to a close with the following stanzas:—

5.
 O | hangman stay thy | hand,
 And | stay it for a | while,
 For I | fancy I see my | true-love a-coming
 A-|cross the yonder | stile.

6.
 O | true-love have | you my gold?
 And | can you set me | free?
 Or | are you come to | see me hung
 All | on the gallows | tree?

7.
 O | yes, I've brought thee | gold,
 And | I can set thee | free;
 And | I've not come to | see thee hung
 All | on the gallows | tree.

8.
 | O the briery | bush,
 That | pricks my heart so | sore;
 Now | I've got out of the | briery bush,
 I'll | never get in any | more.

The Carter.

FOLK-SONG.

Collected and Arranged by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Allegro moderato.

Doh = B♭.

1. I . .

Allegro moderato.

f *p*

simile.

once was a bold fel - low and went with a . . team, And

all my de - light was a - keep - ing them clean, With

brush - es and cur - ries I'd show their bright col - our, And the

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D.C. for Verses 2 to 6.

name that they gave me was "a heart - y good fel - low." . . .

{ m : r : d | t₁ : l₁ : l₁ . l₁ | m₁ : l₁ : t₁ | l₁ . l₁ : - : - ||

Last time.

f *p* *pp*

simile.

2.

As | every | evening I | go to my | bed,
 The | thought of my | horses comes | into my | head;
 I | rise the next | morning to | give them some | meat,
 As | soon as I | can get my | shoes on my | feet.

3.

The | first was a | white horse, as | white as the | milk,
 The | next was a | grey horse, as | soft as the | silk;
 The | next was a | black horse, as | sleek as a | mole,
 The | next was a | brown horse, like | diamonds did | show.

4.

As | I go a-|-driving all | on the high-|-way,
 When | light goes my | load, then I | feed them with | hay;
 And | give them some | water when we | come to a | pond;
 And | after they've | drunk, boys, go | steady a-|-long.

5.

My | feet they grow | weary walk-|-ing by their | side;
 I | said to my | mate "I will | get up and | ride,"
 And, | as I was | riding, I | made a new | song,
 And | as I did | sing it you must | learn it a-|-long.

The Coasts of High Barbary.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Con spirito.

Lah = G. Doh = B $\flat$.

1. Look a - head, look a - starn, look the wea-ther and the

Con spirito. $\text{♩} = 120.$

lee. Blow high! . . . blow low! . . . and so . . . sail-ed we . . . I see a wreck to

wind-ward and a lof - ty ship to lee, A - sail - ing down all on the coasts of

High Bar - ba - ry. 2. O are you a pi - rate or man - o'-war, cried

Sua

$\text{♩} = 120.$

f

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THE COASTS OF HIGH BARBARY.

we? Blow high! . . . blow low! . . . and so . . . sail - ed we. . . O

no! I'm not a pi - rate, but a man - o'-war, cried he, A - sail - ing down all

on the coasts of High Bar - ba - ry. 3. Then - ry

3.
Then back up your topsails and heave your vessel to,
Blow high! blow low! and so sail-ed we.
For we have got some letters to be carried home by
you.
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

4.
We'll back up our topsails and heave our vessel to;
Blow high! blow low! and so sail-ed we.
But only in some harbour and along the side of you.
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

5.
For broadside, for broadside, they fought all on the main;
Blow high! blow low! and so sail-ed we.
Until at last the frigate shot the pirate's mast away.
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

6.
For quarters! for quarters! the saucy pirate cried.
Blow high! blow low! and so sail-ed we.
The quarters that we showed them was to sink them in
the tide.
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

7.
With cutlass and gun O we fought for hours three;
Blow high! blow low! and so sail-ed we.
The ship it was their coffin, and their grave it was the sea.
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

8.
But O! it was a cruel sight, and griev-ed us full sore,
Blow high! blow low! and so sail-ed we.
To see them all a-drowning as they tried to swim to shore.
A-sailing down all on the coasts of High Barbary.

The Crystal Spring.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Allegretto espressivo.

Doh = F. 1. Down by some crystal spring, where the night - in - gales sing, Most

{ | : : .s | | d : d r : m . f | s : - : s . m | r : r . m : f . s | l : - : d . l | }

Allegretto espressivo. ♩ = 69.

p e legato.

più rit. *a tempo.*

plea - sant it is, in sea - son, to hear the groves ring. Down by the riv - er

{ | s : l . s : m . r | d : r : l | s : m : m . r | m : - : m . s | l : - : s : l . t . d . l | }

più rit. *a tempo. cres.*

side, a young cap - tain I es - pied, . . En - treating of . . his true love, for to

{ | m : - : m . r | m : l : r . r | d : t : s : | d r : m . f : s . m | l : s : m . r | }

dim. *f marcato.*

più rit. *a tempo.*

be . . his bride. 2. Dear Phyl - lis, says he, can you fan - cy

{ | m : l : t : | d : - : s : | d : d r : m . f | s : - : s . m | r : r . m : f . s | }

più rit. *p a tempo. p cres.*

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THE CRYSTAL SPRING.

me? All in your soft bow - ers a crown it shall be: And

you shall take no pain, I . . will you main - tain . . My ship she's a -

- load - ed just come in from Spain. 3. When - sea . . .

Whenever you dine, there you shall drink wine;
And so sweetly in the season then you shall be mine.
Like a lady so rare, I'll maintain you so fair;
There's no lady in the navy with you shall compare.

If e'er I prove false to my soft little dove,
May the ocean turn desert; and the elements move;
For wherever I shall be, I'll be constant to thee.
My heart is no rover, if I rove through the sea.

3.

Whenever you dine, there you shall drink wine;
And so sweetly in the season then you shall be mine.
Like a lady so rare, I'll maintain you so fair;
There's no lady in the navy with you shall compare.

4.

If e'er I prove false to my soft little dove,
May the ocean turn desert; and the elements move;
For wherever I shall be, I'll be constant to thee.
My heart is no rover, if I rove through the sea.

The Female Highwayman.

FOLK-SONG.

Collected and Arranged by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Andante.

Andante.

p

Doh = E.

Sil - vy, Sil - vy, all

on one day, She dressed her - self in man's ar - ray, A

sword and pis - tol all by her side, To meet her true love

|| d :s | l :s .f }

{ | r :d :- d | r :r .r | r .f | l :s | s :- .s }

{ | l :t .t | d' :t .l | s :d' | m :r | d :s | l :s .s }

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THE FEMALE HIGHWAYMAN.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody begins with the lyrics 'she did ride.' and includes a repeat sign. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

2.

She | met her true love all | in the plain,
 " | Stand and deliver, kind | sir," she said,
 | Stand and deliver, kind | sir," said she,
 Or | else this moment | you shall die."

3.

Oh, | when she'd robbed him of | all his store,
 She | says, "kind sir, there's | one thing more,
 A | diamond ring which I | know you have,
 De- | liver that, your sweet | life to save."

4.

"The | diamond ring is a | token won,
 I | will keep that if my | life I lose;"
 She | being tender-hearted, just | like a dove,
 She | rode away from | her true love.

5.

Next | morning in the | garden green,
 O | like true lovers | they were seen;
 He | saw his watch hang | by her clothes,
 Which | made him flush like | a red rose.

6.

"What | makes you flush at so | silly a thing,
 I | fain would have had your | diamond ring,
 I | only did it | for to know,
 Whe- | ther you were a | man or no."

The Fox.

FOLK-SONG.

Collected by H. E. D. HAMMOND.
Arranged by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Allegro. VERSES 1-3.

Doh = G. 1. There was an old fox and he

Allegro. { 1. 1. : 1. 1. | 1. : t. t. | d : d. d | d : d. d | d : d. d | r : d. r | m : 1. 1 | 1. : m. 1. t }

p

had a loving wife, And he went out one moon-shiny night Think-ing to get something

D.t. { 1. 1. : 1. 1. | 1. : t. t. | d : d. d | d : d. d | d : d. d | r : d. r | m : 1. 1 | 1. : m. 1. t }

ve-ry, ve-ry nice, Be-fore he lay down in his den, O!

f.G. { d'. d' : t. t. | 1 : d. r | m : m. m | 1. t. | d : - | 1. : - | : | : ||

2 He | went on till he | came to a yard,
Where | there were fat ducks and | geese to be had,
He | swore the fattest should | grease his beard,
Be-fore he lay down in his | den. O!

3 He | took the grey goose | by the neck,
And | up he threw her a- | cross his back,
And | as he went along she | went, "Quack, quack,"
And | her legs hung danging | down, O!

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THE FOX.

VERSE 4.

He went on till he came to his den, Where he had lit-tle ones,

{ | : | :m | m :m | m :l | l | :l, l | l | :t | d :d | d .d :d }

eight, nine and ten, "Oh! fa - ther Reynard, where have you been? You have been to some luck - y

{ | d :d .d | r :d .r | m :l | l | :l, t | d' :t | l | :f.d.r | m :m .m | m :l, t }

D.t. *f.G.*

yard, O!" Then they took the grey goose, and they dragged her in, And so mer-ri-ly they picked her

{ | d :- | l | :d .r | m .m :l | l | :l, t | d' :t | l | :f.d.r | m .m :m .m | m :l, t }

D.t. *f.E.*

bones, O!

{ | d :- | l | :- | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | : | }

pp

The Holly and the Ivy.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

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Andante moderato. S

Doh = G.

1. The hol-ly and the i - vy, When

Andante moderato. S

p *Play 6 times.*

they are both full grown, Of.. all the trees that are in the wood, The

hol-ly bears the crown. The ri-sing of the sun, ... And the

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in treble and bass clefs, also with a key signature of one sharp. The tempo is marked 'Andante moderato.' and the time signature is 3/4. The score includes lyrics and musical notation for the first system, a piano introduction, and the second system. The piano part includes a 'Play 6 times' instruction.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY.

run-ning of the deer, The play-ing of the mer-ry or-gan, Sweet

{ | d . d : d : l | s : — : s . f | m . r : d : m | l . l : s : d . r } }

singing in the choir.

{ | m . f : m : r | d : — : || : : | : : | : : || }

2.

The | holly bears a | blossom,
 As | white as the lily | flower ;
 And | Mary bore sweet | Jesus Christ,
 To | be our sweet Sa- | -viour.
 The | rising, etc.

3.

The | holly bears a | berry,
 As | red as any | blood ;
 And | Mary bore sweet | Jesus Christ,
 For to | do us sinners | good.
 The | rising, etc.

4.

The | holly bears a | prickly,
 As | sharp as any | thorn ;
 And | Mary bore sweet | Jesus Christ,
 On | Christmas day in the | morn.
 The | rising, etc.

5.

The | holly bears a | bark,
 As | bitter as any | gall ;
 And | Mary bore sweet | Jesus Christ,
 For | to redeem us | all.
 The | rising, etc.

6.

The | holly and the | ivy,
 When | they are both full | grown,
 Of | all the trees that are | in the wood,
 The | holly bears the | crown.
 The | rising, etc.

The Keeper.

WARWICKSHIRE.

FOR TWO VOICES.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Allegro moderato. 1st VOICE.

Do = D.

1. The keep-er did a-shoot-ing go, And

{ : | : | : | : | || s | m : f | s : s | l : d' | s : - s }

Allegro moderato. $\text{♩} = 152$

un-der his cloak he carried a bow, All for to shoot at a mer-ry little doe A -

{ | m : f f | s : s | l . l : d' | s : - | d' : s . s | d' : s . s | d' . d' : s . s | m : - . r }

- mong the leaves so green, O. Jackie, boy! Sing ye well!

{ | d : d' | s : f m | r : - | d : | m . f : s | : | m . f : s | : }

2nd VOICE.

Mas-ter! Ve-ry well!

{ | : | : | : | : | : | : | m : s | : | m . f : s }

p *cres.*

The Keys of Canterbury.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

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Allegro con grazia. (He.)

Lah = E. Doh = G. 1. O Mad-am, I will give to you the keys of Can-ter-bu-ry, And

Allegro con grazia. ♩. = 120.

f *dim.* *p* *cres.*

all the bells in Lon - don shall ring to make us merry. If you will be my joy, . . my

mf

(She.)

sweet and on - ly dear, . . And walk a-long with me, a - ny - where. . . 2. I

cres. *p* *cres.*

shall not, Sir, ac-cept of you the keys of Can-ter-bu-ry, Nor all the bells of Lon - don shall

mf

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THE KEYS OF CANTERBURY.

ring to make us merry. I will not be your joy, . . . your sweet and on - ly dear, . . Nor
 { | r : - : d | t : - : d | l : l : - : | : t : | d : - : t : | d : - : t : | l : - : - : | - : - : t : | d : - : t : | d : - : r | m : - : - : | - : - : m }

walk a-long with you, a - ny - where. . . - where. . .
 { | m : - : l : | l : - : t : | d : - : | t : - : d | l : - : - : | - : - : || l : - : - : | - : - : | : : | : : ||

Verses 2 to 8. Verse 10.

- He.* 3 O Madam, I will give to you a pair of boots of cork,
 The one was made in London, the other made in York,
 If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
 And walk along with me, anywhere.
- She.* 4 I shall not, Sir, accept of you a pair of boots of cork,
 Though both were made in London, or both were made in York.
 I will not be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
 Nor walk along with you, anywhere.
- He.* 5 O Madam, I will give to you a little golden bell,
 To ring for all your servants, and make them serve you well,
 If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
 And walk along with me, anywhere.
- She.* 6 I shall not, Sir, accept of you a little golden bell,
 To ring for all my servants, and make them serve me well.
 I will not be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
 Nor walk along with you, anywhere.
- He.* 7 O Madam, I will give to you a gallant silver chest,
 With a key of gold and silver, and jewels of the best,
 If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
 And walk along with me, anywhere.
- She.* 8 I shall not, Sir, accept of you a gallant silver chest,
 A key of gold and silver, nor jewels of the best.
 I will not be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
 Nor walk along with you, anywhere.
- He.* 9 O Madam, I will give to you a brodered silken gownd,
 With nine yards a drooping and training on the ground,
 If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
 And walk along with me, anywhere.
- She.* 10 O Sir, I will accept of you a brodered silken gownd,
 With nine yards a-drooping and training on the ground.
- Both.* Then { I will be your joy, your } sweet and only dear,
 { you shall be my joy, my }
 And walk along with { you, } anywhere.
 { me, }

The Lark in the Morn.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECEL J. SHARP.

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Allegretto con grazia.

Doh = G. As I . . was a - walk - ing one morn - ing in the

Allegretto con grazia. ♩ = 104.

p *p legato.*

Spring, I met a pret - ty dam - sel, so sweet - ly she did sing; And

as we were a - walk - ing un - to me this did she say: There is no life like the

mf *cres.*

plough - boy's all in the month of May. The lark in the

f *dim. p* *p e legato.*

THE LARK IN THE MORN.

morn... she will rise up from her nest, And mount up in the

{ d : r | m : r | d : r | m : f | s : - | - : s | s : r | r : m }

air... with the dew all on her breast; And like the pret - ty

{ f : m | r : d | t : s | s : s | s : - | - : s | s : m | m : d }

plough-boy she will whis - tle and will sing, . . And at night she will re -

{ d : l | f : s | l : f | r : d | d : t | s : s | l : t | d : r }

- turn... to her own nest back a - gain.

{ m : l | s : l | m : d | r : - t | d : - | - : | : | : | : | : }

The Painful Plough.

FOLK-SONG.

Collected and Arranged by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Allegretto grazioso.

Do = E♭.

1. Come all you jel - ly plough - men of

Allegretto grazioso.

p

cour - age stout and bold, That la - bour all the win - ter in

storm - y winds and cold; To clothe your fields with plen - ty, your

farm - yards to re - new, . . . To crown them with con - tent - ment, be -

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THE PAINFUL PLOUGH.

Last time.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and folk-like. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). It features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand, often using chords. The score includes a repeat sign with first and second endings. The tempo is marked 'Last time.' and the dynamics include 'pp' (pianissimo) and 'Ped.' (pedal).

hold the pain-ful plough.

{ | d : m | r : m | d : — | — : || : | : | : | : | : | : | : | }

pp

Ped.

- 2 "Hold, | ploughman," says the | gard'ner, "don't | count your trade with | ours,
But | walk through the | garden and | view the early | flowers,
Al-|-so the curious | border and | pleasant walks to | view,
There's | no such peace and | plenty pro- | vided by the | plough."
- 3 "Hold, | gard'ner," says the | ploughman, "my | calling don't des-|-pise,
Since | each man for his | living up-|-on his trade re-|-lies,
Were | it not for the | ploughman both | rich and poor would | rue,
For | we are all de-|-pendent up |-on the painful plough."
- 4 For | Adam was a | ploughman, when | ploughing did be-|-gin,
The | next that did suc-|-ceed him was | Cain the eldest | son;
Some | of their gener-|-ation this | calling now pur-|-sue,
That | bread may not be | wanting, re-|-mains the painful plough.
- 5 Now | Samson was a | strong man and | Solomon was wise,
Alex-|-ander, for to | conquer, it | was his daily pride;
King | David was a | valiant man | and many thousands | slew,
Yet | none of these brave | heroes could | live without the | plough.
- 6 Be |-hold the wealthy | merchant that | trades in foreign | seas,
To | bring the gold and | treasure for | those who live at | ease;
To | bring fine silks and | spices, to bring the fruits al-|-so.
They | bring them from the | Indies by | virtue of the | plough.
- 7 And | then the man that | brings them will | own to what is | true.
We | cannot sail the ocean with-|-out the painful | plough;
For | they must have bread, | biscuit, rice-|-pudding, flour and | peas,
To | feed the jolly | sailors as | they sail o'er the | seas.
- 8 I | hope there's none of-|-fended with | me for singing | this,
For | it was not in-|-tended for | anything a-|-miss;
If | you consider | rightly you'll | find what I say is | true -
All | trades that I have | mentioned | depend up-|-on the plough.

The red herring.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Moderato. 1st VOICE.

Doh = G. 1. What d'ye think I have made with my

Moderato. ♩ = 80.

mf *p*

red her-ring's head? As jol-ly an o-ven as ev-er baked bread.

{ s : f : m | r : - : s : | d : t : d | r : m : f | s : f : m | r : - : : }

O - ven, bread, and ev - er - y - thing, And I think I've done well with my

{ | s : - : s | m : - : m | f : r : r | d : t : s : | d : t : d | r : m : f }

L'istesso tempo. 1st VOICE. 2nd VOICE.

jol-ly her-ring. Hark! 'tis this like! No! no! 'tis this like!

{ | m : m : r | d : - : : || d : - : s : | m : f : s : | d : s : f : | m : f : s : || }

L'istesso tempo. ♩ = 60.

f marcato.

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THE RED HERRING.

1st VOICE. 2nd VOICE.

Why did-n't you tell me so? So I did long a - go.

{ | d : s₁ . s₁ : f₁ | m₁ : f₁ : s₁ | d : s₁ : f₁ | m₁ : f₁ : s₁ | }

1st & 2nd VOICES.

Well! well! and ev - er - y - thing, And I think I've done well with my

{ | m : - : - | r : - : t₁ | d : t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : m₁ : m₁ | f₁ : m₁ : f₁ | s₁ : l₁ : t₁ | }

After last Verse.

jol - ly her - ring.

{ | r : d : t₁ | d : - : || | : : | : : | : : | : : || }

FIN.

2.
What d'ye think I have made with my red herring's
eyes?
As jolly old saucers as ever baked pies.
Saucers, pies, and everything,
And I think I've done well with my jolly herring.
Hark! 'tis this like! &c.

3.
What d'ye think I have made with my red herring's
tail?
As jolly a ship as ever set sail.
Ship, sail, and everything,
And I think I've done well with my jolly herring.
Hark! 'tis this like! &c.

4.
What d'ye think I have made with my red herring's
ribs?
Why! forty new cradles and fifty new cribs.
Cradles, cribs, and everything,
And I think I've done well with my jolly herring.
Hark! 'tis this like! &c.

5.
What d'ye think I have made with my herring's back-
bone?
As jolly a chopper as ever chopped stone.
Chopper, stone, and everything,
And I think I've done well with my jolly herring.
Hark! 'tis this like! &c.

6.
What d'ye think I have made with my red herring's
back?
As jolly a hackney as carried a sack.
Hackney, sack, and everything,
And I think I've done well with my jolly herring.
Hark! 'tis this like! &c.

7.
What d'ye think I have made with my fish as a
whole?
As jolly a waggon as ever hauled coal.
Waggon, coal, and everything,
And I think I've done well with my jolly herring.
Hark! 'tis this like! &c.

The Sheep Shearing.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

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Allegretto.

Doh = G. 1. How de - light - ful to see, In those eve-nings in

{ : | : : | : : s₁.s₁ || d : d : s₁ | d : - : d.r | m : m : r }

Allegretto. $\text{♩} = 112.$

p

Spring, The sheep go - ing home to the fold: The Mas - ter doth sing, Ashe

{ | m : - : s.m | d : m : s | s : f : m | r : - : m.f | s : f : m | f : - : m.f }

views ev - 'ry - thing, And his dog goes be - fore him where told, and his dog goes be -

{ | s : d : r | s₁ : - : s₁.s₁ | d : d : r | m : f : l | s : - : m.r | d : m : s }

- fore him where told. 2. The sixth month of the year, In the month call - ed

{ | f : t₁ : t₁ | d : - : | : : s₁.s₁ | d : d : s₁ | d : - : d.r | m : m : r }

f *animato.* *f*

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THE SHEEP SHEARING.

June, When the weather's too hot to be borne, The Mas - ter doth say, As he

{ | m : - : s . m | d : m : s | s : f : m | r : - : m . f | s : f : m | f : - : m . f | }

dim. *p* *mf*

goes on his way: To - mor - row my sheep shall be shorn, to - mor - row my

{ | s : d : r | s , : - : s , | d : d : r | m : f : l | s : - : m . r | d : m : s | }

colla voce.

sheep shall be shorn. 3. Now,

{ | f t , : t , | d : - : | : : s , || : : | : : || }

p *p* *p*

3.

Now, as for those sheep,
They're delightful to see;
They're a blessing to a man on his farm.
For their flesh it is good,
It's the best of all food,
And the wool it will clothe us up warm.

4.

Now, the sheep they're all shorn,
And the wool carried home,
Here's a health to our Master and flock;
And, if we should stay
Till the last goes away,
I'm afraid 'twill be past twelve o'clock

The Tree in the Wood.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

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Moderato.

Doh = D. 1. All in . . a . . wood there

Moderato. ♩ = 120.

p

grew a tree, The fi - nest tree you ev - er did see, And the green leaves grew a -

- round, a-round, a-round, And the green leaves grew a - round. 2. And

on this tree there was a limb, The fi - nest limb you ev - er did see, The

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THE TREE IN THE WOOD.

limb was on the tree, The tree was in the wood, . . . And the green leaves grew a -

{ | s .r : r .m : f .s || s .r : r .m || f :- .s, f | m : m .r | d : d | r : d }

- round, a-round, around, And the green leaves grew a - round. 3. And -round.

{ | m .r : m .f | s : d! .l | s : d | m : r | d :- | : d || d :- | - : }

3.
And on this limb there was a branch,
The finest branch you ever did see,
The branch was on the limb,
The limb was on the tree,
The tree was in the wood,
And the green leaves grew around, around, around,
And the green leaves grew around.

4.
And on this branch there was a nest,
The finest nest you ever did see,
The nest was on the branch,
The branch was on the limb, &c.

5.
And in this nest there was an egg,
The finest egg you ever did see,
The egg was in the nest, &c.

6.
And in this egg there was a yolk,
The finest yolk you ever did see,
The yolk was in the egg, &c.

7.
And in this yolk there was a bird,
The finest bird you ever did see,
The bird was in the yolk, &c.

8.
And on this bird there was a wing,
The finest wing you ever did see,
The wing was on the bird, &c.

9.
And on this wing there was a feather,
The finest feather you ever did see,
The feather was on the wing,
The wing was on the bird,
The bird was in the yolk,
The yolk was in the egg,
The egg was in the nest,
The nest was on the branch,
The branch was on the limb,
The limb was on the tree,
The tree was in the wood,
And the green leaves grew around, around, around,
And the green leaves grew around.

* This bar is sung twice in the third verse, three times in the fourth verse, four times in the fifth verse and so on.

Wassail Song.

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

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Andante.

Doh = A. 1. Was - sail! and was - sail! . . . all

{ | : : : .s₁ | s₁ .m : r .d | t₁ : l₁ .s₁ }

Andante. ♩ = 83.

mf *p*

o - ver the town; The cup.. it is white and the ale.. it is

{ | s₁ .l₁ : t₁ .d | r :- .s₁ | s₁ .m : r .d | t₁ : l₁ .s₁ | s₁ .l₁ : t₁ .d }

brown; The cup.. it is made of the good old ash-en tree, And

{ | r :- .r | m .d : f .m | r : t₁ .t₁ | d .t₁ : l₁ .t₁ | d : t₁ .d }

mf

so . . is the malt of the best bar - ley. For it's your was -

{ | r .s : m .d | r : d .t₁ | l₁ .s₁ : t₁ .l₁ | s₁ || r₁ .r₁ | s₁ : l₁ }

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WASSAIL SONG.

- sail! and it's our was - sail! And it's joy.. be to you, and a
 { | r₁ : r₁ . r₁ | s₁ : l₁ . t₁ | d : t₁ . d | r . s : m . d | r : d . t₁ }

After last Verse.

jol - ly was-sail!

{ |₁ .s₁ : t₁ .l₁ | s₁ :- . || : | : | : | : | }

mf *p* **FIN.**

- 2 O Master and Missus, are you all within?
Pray open the door and let us all come in.
O Master and Missus, a-sitting by the fire,
Pray think upon poor travellers, a-travelling in the mire.
For it's your wassail! and it's our wassail!
And it's joy be to you, and a jolly wassail!
- 3 O where is the maid, with the silver headed pin,
To open the door and let us all come in?
O Master and Missus, it is our desire
To have a loaf and cheese, and a toast by the fire.
For it's your wassail! and it's our wassail!
And it's joy be to you, and a jolly wassail!
- 4 There was an old man, and he had an old cow,
And how for to keep her he didn't know how;
He built up a barn for to keep his cow warm,
And a drop or two of cider will do us no harm.
No harm, boys, harm; no harm, boys, harm;
And a drop or two of cider will do us no harm
- 5 The girt dog of Langport* he burnt his long tail,
And this is the night we go singing wassail!
O Master and Missus, now we must be gone;
God bless all in this house till we do come again.
For it's your wassail! and it's our wassail!
And it's joy be to you, and a jolly wassail!

* The "great" or "black dog" probably refers to the Danes who were a great menace to Langport. Their defeat by Alfred was therefore a great relief to the people of Langport who may well have celebrated its anniversary with revelry.

William Taylor. -

SOMERSET.

Collected and Arranged by CECIL J. SHARP.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

Con vivo.

Doh = G.

1. Wil - iam Tay - lor was a brisk young sail - or ;

Con vivo. $\text{♩} = 100.$

He who court - ed a la - dy fair ; Bells were ring - ing, sail - ors sing - ing,

As to church they did re - pair. 2. Thir - ty cou - ple

at the wed - ding ; All were dressed in rich ar - ray ; 'Ste ad of Wil - iam

be - ing mar - ried, He was pressed and sent a - way.

{ | r : d | t₁ : s₁ | d : m | f : r | d : l₁ | s₁ : - | : | : }

3. She dressed up in .. man's ap - par - el, Man's ap - par - el she put on;

{ | d : t₁ | d : r₁ m | f : r | t₁ : s₁ | d : t₁ | d : r | m : s₁ | r : - }

And she fol - lowed her true lov - er; For to find him she is gone.

{ | s : - . s | s : m | r : d | t₁ : s₁ | d : m | f : r | d : l₁ | s₁ : - }

1st and 2nd times. 3rd time.

f *f* *dim.* *p*

4 | Then the Captain | stepped up to her,
Asking her : What's | brought you here?
I am come to | seek my true love,
Whom I lately | loved so dear.

5 | If you've come to | see your true love,
Tell me what his | name may be.
O, his name is | William Taylor,
From the Irish | ranks came he."

6 | You rise early to-|morrow morning,
You rise at the | break of day;
Then you'll see your | true love William
Walking with a | lady gay.

7 | She rose early the | very next morning,
She rose up at | break of day;
There she saw her | true love William,
Walking with a | lady gay.

8 | Sword and pistol | she then ordered
To be brought at | her command;
And she shot her | true love William,
With the bride on | his right arm.

9 | If young folks in | Wells or London
Were | served the same as | she served he,
Then young girls would | all be undone;
Very scarce young | men would be !



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